

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

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THE REPOSITORY.

The 4th volume of the "Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, by Robert Walsh, Jr." contains an interesting Sketch of the life of the celebrated Dr. Rush, who as a Representative from Pennsylvania, subscribed his name to that memorable instrument. From this sketch we select the following passages, as affording a signal illustration of Dr. Rush's philanthropy, at a period, [1793] when Philadelphia was suffering under all the horrors of the Yellow Fever.

R. I. American,

This disease had appeared in Philadelphia in 1762, and now returned after a lapse of twenty-three years, with unexampled malignity. War and famine have seldom presented a scene of more complicated horror. It endured about one hundred days, commencing in July, and subsiding towards the beginning of September, during which time nearly the whole city was exhausted of its inhabitants, who had either fallen victims to the disease or had fled from their infectious dwellings; the rich to the adjacent country, and a promiscuous multitude of the poor to tents prepared for them in the vicinage of the city. The number who died in this short period was about four thousand five hundred, and the condition of the diseased was often attended by circumstances of distress the most deplorable. Indeed, whatever has been ever recorded of human misery, or even what poetic fancy has ever imagined, appears to have been exhibited, on this occasion, in its most horrid reality.

The city itself presented every where the image of desolation. For nearly two months scarcely an individual was seen upon the streets, unless engaged in some melancholy office; seeking aid for the sick, or conducting the dead to their place of interment; and no other sound but that of the hearse or the vehicle of the physician interrupted the frightful solitude. Even the interstices of the pavements are said to have been occupied by grass and weeds. In a populous city, where men are accustomed to witness the bustle of multitudes and activities of business, the absence of such objects necessarily fills the mind with the most painful or melancholy sensations.

The magnanimous conduct of Dr. Rush in this emergency, his devotion to his profession, and total disregard of personal safety, have entitled him to the unceasing gratitude and admiration of his countrymen. To use the words of the celebrated Zimmerman, "Sa conduite a mérite que non seulement la ville Philadelphie, mais que l'humanité entière lui élève une statue."

During the fiercest rage of the disease, nearly all the physicians disappeared from the city: either having sought safety by flight into the country, or having perished in the indiscriminate mortality. At one time, when not less than six thousand persons were prostrate in the disease, three practitioners only remained to supply their necessities. The labors of Dr. Rush, in this emergency, were without remission, and he certainly accomplished difficulties, and sustained fatigues, to which the powers of life, under ordinary courage, had proved wholly inadequate. From the eighth to the fifteenth of September, he visited and prescribed for about one hundred and twenty patients per day. For several weeks his house was filled, and sometimes surrounded by multitudes imploring his assistance. To these he prescribed during the intervals of his visits, using the help of three of his pupils, who resided for this purpose in his family; employing them either in putting up medicine, in bleeding, or in visiting the sick. But although he devoted even the hurried periods of his meals to such offices, he was unable to supply the numerous applications that were made to him, and great numbers were obliged every day to retire without the benefit of his advice or prescription; a circumstance which often placed him in an unhappy predicament; being obliged to turn a deaf ear to the most pathetic entreaties, urged with all the zeal of friendship, of conjugal, filial, or parental affection; and even when riding through the streets, to drive with such speed as might secure him from interruption, or place him beyond the cries of his wretched petitioners. By those unremitted labors for the relief of others, his own health was at one time overpowered, and his life for a while despaired of; he was, however, by the timely application of remedies, restored; and, with his usual assiduity, he returned to his practice. On this occasion he was urged by his friends to leave the city, and no longer place his safety in such imminent hazard. To their solicitations and urgent importunities he replied, "that he thought it his duty to sacrifice not only his pleasure and repose, but his life, should it be necessary, for the safety of his patients."

The celebrated Aaron Hill, when in Egypt, had the curiosity to examine a catacomb. He was accompanied in his expedition by two gentlemen, and conducted by one of the natives of the country as a guide. They at length arrived at the spot, and, without taking any notice

of some fellows, who were sauntering about the place, descended by ropes into the vault. No sooner were they let down than they were presented with a spectacle which struck them with horror. Two gentlemen, apparently starved to death, lay before them, one of these unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written, in very pathetic language, the story of their lamentable fate. It seemed that they were brothers of rank and family in Venice, and having in the course of their travels entrusted themselves with one of the natives for the purpose of visiting the catacomb, the perfidious villain had left them to perish. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were exposed instantly alarmed them.—They had scarcely read the tale, when, looking up, they beheld their inhuman guide, assisted by two others, whom they had seen near the spot, closing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmost distress; they, however, drew their swords, determined to make a desperate effort to rescue themselves from a situation so appalling. With this resolution, they were groping about at random in the dark, when they were startled at the groaning of some one seemingly in the agonies of death. They listened to the dismal sound, and at length, by the glimmering light from the top of the catacomb, they saw a man just murdered, and a little beyond them beheld his inhuman murderer, flying with the utmost precipitation. They pursued them immediately, and, though not able to come up with them, they had the good fortune to reach the opening through which the wretches escaped out of the cavern, just before they had time to roll the stone on the top of it.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

"Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wither'd murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Moves like a ghost ———" Macbeth.

The wind of November whistled shrill and cold among the precipices that jutted over the mountain road from Alesbury towards Northumberland, as, at the decline of day, two travellers, on horseback, were crossing with weary pace the long ridges towards the great elbow of the Susquehanna, and notwithstanding the clouds lay heavily towards the distant mountain tops, and the shadows of approaching night gathered rapidly, they paused upon the northern extremity of the last eminence, dismounted, and appeared to be taking a survey of the country around them, a country embodying some of the most grand and sublime scenery in nature. To north and south, one vast extent of forest lay outstretched, broken and diversified by hill and valley, now dimly seen, but not less interesting in its aspect. In one direction were to be seen seven stupendous pyramidal piles; pushing their pine crowned summits through the black clouds, they seemed fit habitations for the fierce spirits of the restless elements, and one could almost fancy the angels of the tempest gathering in those unvisited realms, a universe of stormy clouds—while in the west a peaceful river flowed away in calm and unbroken solitude through its devious course.—Such was the scene the travellers were left surveying when twilight followed the declining sun, and the dreary night came swift upon the transient gleaming.

A long three miles from this, on a dim and narrow road was a small public house called in those days the "Inn of the Forest." There was a thin settlement from this some miles on, chiefly men of the rudest cast in life, often honest and kind in their way, nevertheless brooked not the control of law, and, living far off from the city and town, enjoyed their game, and were themselves the only umpires of each other's rights and wrongs; such as these made up the company that gathered in the tavern that night, and as the winds blew louder, and the weather grew colder without, so did their noise and rioting, and the turbulence of their spirits increase within.

Mingling with this tumultuous assembly around the bar-room fire, and the long card-table stretched out before it, were to be seen the two strangers; they were wrapped up in fur hunting cloaks, and while one of them took part in the boisterous laugh, and played his game at the card-table, and drank freely, the other stretched himself to sleep in a corner. The more forcible stranger soon acquired the confidence of his new companions; and as he himself professed to be a tavern-keeper, he gained the especial favor of the landlord, a black whiskered, downcast, dark looking man, upon whose countenance the stamp of vice was fixed, and who was the loudest and most clamorous in the circle, and drank, and played, and boasted, and cursed with a kind of frenzied infatuation.

These riotings were kept up throughout the midnight hours; and while the inebriated guests one by one, dropped asleep, and while without, the storm sung in melancholy and plaintive sweetness through the seared pine trees, that single stranger kept one little circle he had gathered around him by the fire, in fixed and wakeful attention to harrowing tales of hell devised murders, and fearful retributions, and walking ghosts and marvellous facts brought to the light of day by supernatural agencies; and

and detailed a thousand instances to prove that "Murder though it hath no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ." In vain the host endeavored to turn, at every period, the subject. In vain he stirred the dying embers and invited the guest to sleep. In vain he trembled and turned pale; the traveler seemed invincible, and at every change, murder and its bloody consequences were still his theme, and still his eye was fixed on the disquieted features of the host. It was dark and penetrating; and his voice grew hoarse as he bade them harken to the screeching wind. It seemed to him, he said, to be burdened with a voice—in the words of Macbeth, "still it cried sleep no more to all the house." The company started and listened; some thought they heard the voice, and some fancied they distinguished those very words; what can it mean? was the inquiry that went round—"hark," said the stranger, "heard you not that! listen! Rolland, Rolland, a mother and six innocent children, murdered by your hand, summon you to the grave with them!" A heavy charge said he, as he turned towards the host, who, startled at the awful import of the words, rose in wild agitation, and clutching his fists, hallooed as to the voice—"If I slew you it was at another's instigation, and the money I got for it, I buried in the rapids of the Susquehanna!" "Yet for that crime," said the other stranger, who till now had been silent, apparently asleep, "by virtue of a State's warrant, and in the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania we arrest you, Dubois Rolland, to answer at the bar of our country!" and as he said it, deliberately rose, drew a pair of doubled barrelled pistols from his cloak, and calmly laid them before him, while the other throwing off his loose garment, stood before the astonished man, in the garb of an officer of justice, completely armed with dirk and pistol.

Resistance was in vain; the murderer was seized and carried to the skirts of an adjoining wood, where he was mounted on horseback, secured, carried thirty miles, and lodged in jail before ten o'clock next morning.

This was a plan adopted and executed by the members of a weak village police, in a country where the supremacy of the law had often to be maintained rather by stratagem than by open force, and by which was brought to justice and to the scaffold, one of the most bloody villains that ever hung upon gallows; a man who had murdered, according to his own confession afterwards made, a mother and her orphan family, for a price paid him by a relative, who was next heir to a small and petty estate.

THE MARRIAGE OF MONTALVO.

A LEGEND—FOUNDED ON FACT.
Heaven in its wisdom hath ordain'd thy lot,
Trust in its mercy then, and doubt it not.

The storm raged furiously around—tremendous thunders burst in awful grandeur o'er the castle of Duralvo; while the red lightning flashed in frightful radiance around the tall spires of the west tower, where the importunate and widowed Donna Clowdia, in the lone solitude of her prison, wept o'er the ruined prospects of her youth, and the inexorable decree of him who had rent asunder the sacred ties of nature, and sought the immolation of his own offspring at the shrine of interest and ambition. But that inscrutable Power which calms into peace the raging billows, may counteract the designs of man, and pour the bright sunshine of happiness even amid the glooms of bitterest adversity.

It was now the hour of midnight, and the dark spirits of the air were abroad, mingling their wild shrieks in the fearful howling of the tempest; while often and anon mysterious sounds were borne along the gale that swept mournfully through the dark casement of the tower, or dying suddenly away in the distance, were lost in the roaring of the storm. Amid the terrible warring of the elements, the murmuring of voices was now distinctly heard, mingling in the blast, and which seemed approaching nearer and nearer; and soon the heavy tread of footsteps sounded upon the stairs which led immediately to her apartment. Scarcely had she implored the protecting care of heaven, ere the door flew open, and her father, the stern Baron de Solanes, was at her side! I am come once more, ungrateful Clowdia, he vociferated, to save you from the result of your fatal obstinacy: wed the Marquis de Montalvo, and you not only obey the sacred injunctions of a parent, but in that splendid alliance you wipe away the unhappy feuds which have long hung over our house. My father, exclaimed the unfortunate lady, death would be preferable to such an union. Suffer me, in the peaceful retirement of a convent, to hide my sorrows, and the remainder of my unhappy days. Cease—cease thy idle sophistry! rejoined the angry Baron, foaming with ill suppressed rage—for the present I shall leave you to the undisturbed enjoyment of your insolence and pride—to-morrow I go hence for Madrid, where I shall await your decision; either the black vault beneath the castle, or the bridal honors of the Marchioness de Montalvo await you.

The following morning she heard him depart with a feeling hope, but it was transient; a moment's reflection brought back every circumstance of her situation with redoubled bitterness. Day after day rolled heavily on—no hu-

man object approached her. A fortnight had now elapsed, and the short pittance of bread was exhausted—of the small allowance of water a few drops remained; while the helpless babe, worn with famine and suffering, lay moaning piteously and extending its little hand in vain for its usual sustenance. O! the horrors of that moment no language can portray! Again a step is heard upon the stair—the door of her apartment was thrown open, and again the Baron de Solanes is at her side. I am come for the last time, unhappy woman, he exclaimed, to offer you the hand and fortune of Montalvo—splendor and honor await you—relent and happy. He took her hand. She withdrew it not. Pale and motionless he led her from the apartment. * * * * *

Again the halls of Duralvo echoed to the sounds of mirth and festivity; the bridal banquet is prepared; the guests invited; and already the dancers commenced—when, just as the bell of the castle tolled the hour of twelve, it was announced to the Marquis de Montalvo, that a stranger was at the gate.—Let him be admitted was the reply; and in a few minutes a tall, elegant chevalier entered the room. Every eye was fixed on him—when the lady Donna Clowdia, with a sudden scream of joy, threw herself into the arms of the stranger! It was indeed her husband—the long lost and deeply lamented Viscount de Clareville.

FIDELIA.

Augusta Chronicle.

ANECDOTAL.

"I am absolutely afraid," said the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Vlunet, "I am absolutely afraid that I shall die a beggar." "At the rate you go on," replied Sir Robert, "I am afraid it will be worse—I am afraid you will live on."

A gentleman at an Inn having a very long bill of fare presented to him by the landlord, asked his name; "Partridge," said the landlord. "Indeed," says the guest, "I thought it had been Snipe, by the length of your bill."

A Miller left his Mill, on the day that La Fayette visited Salem, and wrote over his door the following:

"No grinding to day, except for La Fayette—who in our national struggle, ground our enemies to powder.—Reg."

Judicial Pleasantry.—A lawyer now deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before a Scotch Judge, with whom he was on the most intimate terms. Happening to have a client, a female, defendant in an action, of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain: "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my Lord—" The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics of laughter by the Judge replying, "Tickle her yourself, Harry—you're as able to do it as I."

A hypocrite (says Butler) is a saint that goes by clock work; a machine made by the Devil's geometry, which he winds and ticks to go as he pleases. He is the Devil's finger watch that never goes true; but too fast or too slow, as the Devil sets it. A hypocrite's religion is a mimmetry, and his gospel walkings nothing but a masquerade. He never wears his own person, but assumes a shape, as the Devil does when he appears. A hypocrite is a weathercock upon the steeple of the church, that turns with every wind."

A country fellow who had just come to London gaping about in every shop he came to, at last he looked into a lottery office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, Pray, sir, said he, what do you sell here? Loggheads! cried the others. Do you, answered the countryman; egad, then you have a special trade, for I see you have but one left.

The celebrated doctor P_____, of Fairhaven, in the course of the year generally makes an elegant dinner for his brethren of the clergy; and in common, none of the other learned professions, either medical or legal, are admitted to this select party. As no rule exists, without an exception, the doctor, upon a certain occasion, invited a gentleman of the bar.—He was the only one present. At dinner an apology was offered for the appearance of a character so foreign from the clerical. A would be wit remarked, that the matter was excusable, for when the sons of God assembled, the devil came also. True, replies the lawyer, and the same book relates, that a certain man fell among thieves.

The Welsh Rabbit.—A traveller arriving late one evening, at the George Inn, in a country town not many miles from the Lands-End, called for a Welsh Rabbit; after waiting a considerable time, he rang the bell to inquire if it was ready. "Sir," said the servant wench, "my master has been all over the town, and cannot get a Welsh Rabbit, for love or money!" "Oh! very well," replied he, laughing, "then let him get a couple of eggs, and d'y'e hear, boil them soft?" Again his patience was tried, and again he rang the bell. "Are my eggs ready," said he. "Sir," answered the girl, with a low courtesy, "they have been boiling this half hour, and are now just as hard when I put them in; they will not boil soft!"

A sailor was lately at a chapel, the parson observing he looked rather serious, approaching, asked him if he felt any change? The sailor put his hand into his pocket, and said he was very sorry, but he had not got one cent.

A gentleman travelling in the West of Scotland, perceived an old man, aged about ninety, crying most bitterly, and upon inquiring the reason, he informed him that his father had been whipping him. The gentleman stepped into the house, to expostulate with the father for the cruel treatment of the son, when he exclaimed, "He deserved it; the young rascal was throwing stones at his grandfather who is working in the garden."

George Hanger taking the air in Hyde Park, an observation was made on the indecency of persons bathing in the Serpentine river. "It is, indeed," said George, "very indecent to see so many girls running about naked." "Girls?" said a young lady, "they are boys!" "I ask your pardon, madam," returned he; "I find I have been mistaken; as they had no clothes on, I did not know; I yield to your superior judgment."

seph Crooker; Dexter, New-Charleston, Exeter, Corinth and Grafton, Cornelia Coolidge; Eliza, Carmel, Darmont, Newport, Levant and No. 3, 3d Range, Robert Sturte; Newburg, Haquiden and Hermon, David Swett; Sebec, Williamsburg, Blacksburg, Mayfield, Brownville, Killmarock, No. 1, 7th Range, Joshua Carpenter.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

New-London, January 5.

Distressing.—On Monday 27th ult. while Mr. Eleazar Avery, of Colchester, was killing his Hogs, one or two of the hounds were called into the house for the purpose of removing from the fire a large kettle of boiling water, intended for scalding. It being found necessary to lighten the burden, a few pails were forthwith removed therefrom, and set in one corner of the room. At the moment of removing the vessel from the fire, the crane on which it was suspended, drawing the bolts from the jambs, gave way, emptying the boiling liquid on the floor, scalding the feet and other parts of those who were present: particularly a child of Mr. Avery, aged three years, who unfortunately was passing by at the moment. But what makes our blood recoil within us, is to have to record the shocking end of our narrative. The sister of the child, as we are credibly informed, who was not present, but near by, hearing the screams of the little innocent, ran to its relief, caught it in her arms, and proceeding direct to the water, which she supposed was cold, and had been deposited there in order to moderate the boiling, (as was natural to suppose,) plunged the child therein, which immediately ended its existence.

Fire.—The large 2 story dwelling house, of the Rev. Methusala Baldwin, of Scotch Town, Orange County, N. Y. was consumed by fire on Saturday the 25th ult. together with all his furniture, and a valuable Library, valued at 500 dollars. The fire originated under a hearth in the second story, about 3 o'clock, P. M. Mr. Baldwin is a native of Newark. Not a solitary bed or change of clothing was saved to any one of the family.—*Newark Cent.*

Relic.—A leaden ball, extracted recently from a Revolutionary soldier, has been shown in New-York by his son. It appeared that the father was a soldier of the Revolution; and, at the battle of Springfield, (N. J.) while loading his musket, the ball struck him on the left elbow, entered his side, broke his ribs, and lodged in the cavity of the stomach, where it quietly reposed 48 years. The old Soldier died lately, having given previous orders not to be buried with British lead in him; accordingly. Dr. Ward of Belville, N. J. extracted it.—*N. York paper.*

FOREIGN.

Fires in London. A dreadful fire has recently taken place in Fleet-street, London. It commenced in the shop of Mr. Bond, linen draper, No. 97, and extended to several of the adjoining premises, and caused destruction of property to nearly the amount of £160,000. No lives were lost. Another fire the following day, totally destroyed the premises of Messrs. Wilkinson & Son, cabinet-makers and upholsters, No. 14, Ludgate-street, and considerably injured the adjoining buildings. One fireman, missing, who was supposed to have perished in the flames. The first mentioned was produced by the dropping of a spark from a candle, which set fire to the used in lighting the shop, which had not been properly let off. Among the occupants of the buildings were the editors of the *Traveler*, and *Sunday Monitor*, whose establishments were burnt. The family of Carlisle (the father of the deistical publications for which is now in Newgate) were also exposed to the flames, which gave rise to the following singular circumstance: In the confusion, some of them took refuge in a church, and placed, also, for safe keeping, a quantity of the writings of the celebrated Tom Paine, among which were many copies of his *Age of Reason*.

The family of one of the occupants, Mr. Smith, consisted of nine persons—himself, wife, mother, and six children; he had scarcely time to save the latter, who slept in the attic and was obliged to rush through the flames with two of his youngest child, a girl about four years of age. The agonized father fled again into the fire, which was entirely in flames, and found his poor child crying in a corner of the kitchen. As he ascended the crackling stairs with his daughter, part of the house fell and he nearly suffocated in making his way out.

It is said the Greek government is about to make an appeal to all christians in the four quarters of the globe to take part in a vast crusade, the object of which would be the conquest of Egypt and the Holy Sepulchre.

Extract of a letter to a merchant in Boston, dated Smyrna, October 9.

A very severe action has just been fought in the Gulf, between the Greeks and the combined Egyptian and Ottoman fleets, consisting of 90 sail of vessels of war. The Greeks gained a great victory; but the details I am unable to give you. From the best information we have obtained, it appears certain the Greeks have destroyed three frigates and several other ships. A French ship of war has brought in two men, (Turks,) belonging to two of the ships destroyed.

We heard distinctly the cannonade during the night of the 7th, and the blowing up of ships had the same effect as the shocks of an earthquake, though at the distance of 30 miles.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, January 10.
Petitions—of Charles Whitman and others, and the Selectmen of Waterford, were taken from the files of the Senate and committed.

A communication from the Treasurer of the State, accompanied by his annual Report, was received, read, and committed.

TUESDAY, January 11.
The Report of the Hon. P. Mellish and N. Weston, a committee appointed pursuant to a resolve of the last Legislature to revise the fee bill, was read and sent down. [This committee report that it is inexpedient to make any alteration therein.]

Tuesday of next week is assigned for coming to a choice of a Major General of the 8th, a new Division of the Militia, formed from the 2d Division.

A committee was appointed to consider what alterations are necessary in the existing laws relating to trespass.

Resolved, for appointing commissioners to confer with the Directors of the American Asylum, and Commissioners of other States respecting the education of the Deaf and Dumb, passed to be engrossed.

WEDNESDAY, January 12.
A Message was received from the Governor by the Secretary of State, communicating Reports from the Inspectors and the Warden of the State's Prison.

Petition of Bowdoin College for Legislative aid was read and committed.

IN THE HOUSE.

SATURDAY, January 8.
A remonstrance against the election of Benjamin Webber of Sweden was read and committed.

Ordered, in concurrence with the Senate, that no petition of a private nature be received by the Legislature after the twenty-second day of the present month.

On motion of Mr. Pike of Bridgton, a committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the law relative to the choice of *Register of Deeds*—with leave to report by bill or otherwise.

MONDAY, January 10.
The committee on Elections reported in favor of Walter P. Carpenter, returned as a representative from Mexico, Weld, Peru, &c. which report was accepted, and Mr. Carpenter authorized to take his seat.

Several petitions for a revision of the Militia Law were read and committed.

TUESDAY, January 11.
Petitions read and referred to the committee on New Trials, viz. of Plantation No. 4, Oxford County, to be authorized to sell ministerial and school lands; of Thomas Clark and others for additional terms of the Supreme and Common Pleas Courts in the County of Oxford; of David Shaw and others that the fees of Jurymen may be increased.

Petitions read and committed—Of Betsey Randall, for divorce; of Selectmen of Waterford that certain taxes may be made valid; of Reuben Dodge and others for revision of the laws establishing the Courts of Sessions; of John H. Boddy and others for the same; of William Drew and others for a law prohibiting pedlars; of Fryeburg Canal Company for a grant of certain lands; of Trustees of Waterville College for Legislative aid; of Trustees of Gardner Lyceum for same; of Herman Nye for an addition to his pension; of Joshua Smith and others to be allowed fees for attending a Court Martial at Paris.

Petition of Abraham Lord and others of Brownfield, to be annexed to Denmark, was read and referred to the committee on incorporation of towns.

The two Houses met in Convention in the Representatives' chamber this day, when Elias Stowell, Esq. Councillor elect, came in and took the oath required to qualify him to enter on the duties of his office.

WEDNESDAY, January 12.
Petition, read and referred to the committee on incorporation of towns, of Levi Whitman and others, to set off certain lots of land from Paris to Norway.

Petition of Thomas Farrington and others of Fryeburg. Addition to be added to the Representative class of Fryeburg, &c. was committed to the committee on New Trials.

Petition of Jos. C. Washburn and others for a law to prohibit pedlars was read and committed.

On motion of Mr. Goodenow, of Alfred, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of altering the law respecting pounds and impounding beasts at large, with leave to report by bill or otherwise.

Petition of the Trustees of "Readfield Religious and Charitable Society," that the name may be changed to that of the "Maine Wesleyan Society," was read and committed.

On motion of Mr. Cobb, of Durham, a committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting by law *public credit* on days of election.

On motion of Mr. Emerson, of Harrison, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of providing by law to prevent unnecessary expense in the collecting of debts.

Canaan and Oxford Canal.—A petition from Woodbury Storer and others, of Portland, in behalf of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Corporation, praying for a new Bank, with a capital stock of three hundred thousand dollars, one third of said capital stock to be taken by the Canal Corporation, and also praying that the usual tax of one per cent. on the capital may not be imposed on said Bank, was read and committed to the committee on Banks and Banking.

Register of Deeds.—Mr. Pike from the committee appointed to consider the expediency of altering the existing law relative to the choice of Register of Deeds, reported a Bill. The Bill provides that after two trials to elect a Register of Deeds in any County in the State, without effecting a choice, it shall be the duty of the Court of Sessions to make a return of all the votes to the secretary's office to be laid before the Governor and Council, whose duty it shall be to appoint some person to fill the office of Register.

Taxes on Lands owned in common.—On motion of Mr. Fessenden, of Portland, the committee was instructed to consider what alterations are necessary in the laws relative to the assessment and collection of taxes on lands in this State owned by proprietors in common. The mover, to illustrate his object, remarked that under the existing law a person owning a thousand acres of land in an unincorporated township could not settle the taxes on his land exclusively, without paying the tax for the whole township. This was an evil, said Mr. Fessenden, which prevails to a considerable extent in this State, and which it was his object to remedy.

On motion of Mr. Evelyn, of Windham, the committee on new trials was instructed to inquire what alteration is necessary in the act for establishing a Court of Common Pleas, so far as said act relates to costs arising on appeals from said Court to the Supreme Court.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE SENATE.

On Bills in the 2d reading.—Messrs. Stebbins, Dunlap, Holland, Prime, Scamman, Dunn, Parsons of L.

On Engrossed Bills.—Messrs. Ripley, Parlin, of Y. Churchill and Parlin.

On Contested Elections.—Messrs. Adams, of Portland, Pond, Goodenow, Wingate and Cobb.

On Pay Rolls.—Messrs. Russell, Howard and Cunningham.

On County Estimates.—Messrs. Boutelle, Hodgen and Dacom.

On Finance.—Messrs. Boutelle, Blaney, Cummins, Hall and Robinson.

On Change of Names.—Messrs. Cram, McLane and Flint.

On Bills in 3d reading.—Messrs. Allen, Eveleth, Hathaway, Benson and Sweat.

On Engrossed Bills.—Messrs. Abbot, Pike, Low, Merrill and Treat.

On Leave of Absence.—Messrs. Burr, Ricker and McCrillis.

JOINT STANDING COMMITTEES.

On Literature and Literary Institutions.—Messrs. Dunlap, Parsons, of York, of the Senate, Messrs. Pond, Williams, Fessenden, of the House.

On State Lands.—Messrs. Parlin, Kelsey, of the Senate, Messrs. Treat, Pitts, Talbot, of the House.

On Incorporation of Towns.—Messrs. Greene, and Prime, of the Senate, Messrs. McCobb, White, Spring of the House.

On Incorporation of Parishes and other Religious Societies.—Messrs. Whitney, Fairbanks, of the Senate, Messrs. Cobb, Baile, Francis, of the House.

On Turnpikes, Bridges and Canals.—Messrs. Campbell, Holland of the Senate, Messrs. Dunn, Charles, Trask of the House.

On Interior Fisheries.—Messrs. Parsons, of Lincoln, Shepard of the Senate, Messrs. Chase, McKown and Wass, of the House.

On Application of Manufacturing Companies.—Messrs. Southwick, Scammon, of the Senate, Messrs. Merrill, Vance and Weymouth, of the House.

On Banks and Banking.—Messrs. Churchill, Lord, Dunlap, of the Senate, Williams, Richardson, Mowry, Allen, Burr, of the House.

On Militia and Military Affairs.—Messrs. Ripley, Campbell, of the Senate, Messrs. Fessenden, Williams, Ford, Carpenter and Chase, of the House.

On Application of sick and wounded Soldiers.—Messrs. Holland, Dunn, of the Senate, Messrs. Eastman, Humphrey and Carpenter, of the House.

On New Trials.—Messrs. Stebbins, Dunlap, of the Senate, Messrs. Dane, Adams and Goodnow, of the House.

On Accounts.—Messrs. Scammon, Parsons, of the Senate, Messrs. Shaw, Quinnam and Sturdivant, of the House.

MARRIAGES.

In Summer, on Thursday last, by Asa Barton, Esq. Mr. John Butterfield, to Mrs. Catherine Benson.

In Hebron, Mr. Stephen Cummings, of Norway, to Miss Fanny, daughter of Hon. Wm. C. Whitney.

DEATHS.

In Woodstock, very suddenly, on Tuesday morning last, Mr. Seth Benson.

In Bangor, 2d inst. Rev. Harry Loomis. He was well in the morning of that day, being Sabbath.

went to the meeting-house in a violent storm, entered the pulpit, sat down, and in a few minutes leaned back his head and died without a struggle. It is supposed, the violent exercise occasioned by his walking to meeting in a storm, produced an overflow of blood in the head, which brought on an apoplexy.

In Salem, Mrs. Annis Bodie, wife of Mr. Charles Bodie, aged 48.—Mr. William Very, aged 70; and Mr. Jacob Read, aged 71, both revolutionary soldiers.

In Danvers, Mr. Ebenezer Pike, aged 64, a revolutionary soldier.

In Charlton, Mrs. Elizabeth Wafers, relict of Capt. Israel W. aged 70.

Drowned in Newton, Lower Falls, Stephen Francis, an adopted child of Mr. Francis and Mrs. Eliza Hoag, aged 5 years.

In Lebanon, a few days since, a child of Mr. Albert Gardner, was amusing itself by the fire, at school, in the intermission, its clothes took fire, and so shocking was it burnt, that it expired, as we learn, in about four hours.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 4.

Amendment of the Constitution.—Mr. Saunders of N. C. offered an amendment of the Constitution providing for the establishment of uniform districts for the choice of Electors of president, &c. and providing that the person having the greatest number of the Electoral votes, shall be President, if such number be one third of the whole number of the Electors appointed, with provisions in case two persons have more than one third, &c. Referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

The result of this expedition, Mr. B. said amounted to \$100,000 in gold and silver coin and bullion, and precious furs; the principal article given in exchange being American Cotton, which was grown in the South, manufactured in the North, and exported from the West.—Continued

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

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On motion of Mr. Strong, the President was requested, if not incompatible with public interest, to communicate the proceedings and documents of the Court Martial in the cases of Lieuts. Weaver and —. The object of the mover was, to ascertain how our officers had conducted themselves in the Pacific generally, and especially on the coast of America.

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THURSDAY, Jan. 6.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

As the term of my service in this high trust will expire at the end of the present session of Congress, I think it proper to invite your attention to an object very interesting to me,

and which, in the movement of our government, is deemed, on principle, equally interesting to the public.

I have been long in the service of my country, and in its most difficult conjunctures, as well abroad as at home, in the course of which I have had a control over the public moneys to a vast amount.

In the course of my service, it shall appear, on the most severe scrutiny, which I invite, that the public have sustained any loss by any act of mine, or of others for which I ought to be held

responsible, I am willing to bear it. If, on the other hand, it shall appear on a view of the law, and of precedents in other cases, that justice has been withheld from me, in any instance, as I have believed it to be in many, and greatly to my injury, it is submitted whether it ought not to be rendered. It is my wish that all matters of account and claims, between my country and myself be settled, with that strict regard to justice which is observed in settlements between individuals in private life. It would gratify me, with a view to a decision hereafter. No bill would, it is presumed, be presented for my signature,

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE REFORMATION.
Hark! the music of the spheres
Rends the welkin—strikes our ears;
Earth the holy anthems sings,
"Glory to the King of Kings."
Saint rejoices—sinner raises
To his Maker holy praises;
Stubborn spirits own their God,
Proudest rebels kiss the sod.
Now the aged, bawd' and hoary
Raise to God their songs of glory;
Young and wealthy, fair and proud
Round the holy altar crowd.
To the multitude appear
Christ's ambassador is near;
Hark! the sobbing—panting—sighing:
Sinner's earthly hopes are dying;
Now they lip to God a prayer,
Now Jehovah's name declare;
Keen is death the pang that severs
Sinner's hopes from earth forever.
Will thou see the soul unclouded,
With its thousand vices goaded?
Guide thy wanderings to the flood,
Where the holy man of God
Buries in that icy wave
Guilt that bows us to the grave.
Quick the intelligence is driven
To the palaces of Heaven;
Angels chant in raptur'd strains,
Man is saved—Jehovah reigns.

CIMON.

[Selected.]

THE GAMES OF LIFE.
The little Mist at three years old,
Plays with doll, and prattles;
But little Master, stout and bold,
Plays with drums and rattles.
The boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking glasses.
The jolly Toper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends at drinking;
The sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And Wise Men play at thinking.
The Beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting,
But wrinkled, turns to other cares,
And sports the last repeating.
Wretched, from self-created woe,
The Miser's game is hording;
And when he meets his country's foe,
The Sailor plays at boarding.
The Alderman, with bloated face,
A glutton plays at eating,
And such long to have a place,
In canvassing and treating.
With ledger busied, Merchants take
A game at calculation;
And Ministers too often make
A plaything of the nation.
With looks profound and thoughtful mind,
Projectors play at scheming;
Till worn with care at last they find
They're all along been dreaming.
The Lover, sad and woful wan,
Plays day and night at fretting;
While laughing at the silly ma,
His Delia sports coqueting.
Cowards, with none but cowards nigh,
Are fond of gasconading;
And courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at masquerading.
The Lounger plays at killing time,
The Soldier plays at slaying;
The Poet plays at making rhyme,
The Hypocrite at praying.
The Player plays for wealth and fame;
And thus all play together,
Till Death at last disturbs the game,
And stops the play forever.

THE DEAD MOTHER.—A DIALOGUE.

Persons—*Father and Child.*

F. Touch not thy mother boy—thou can't not
wake her.
C. Why father? she still wakes at this hour.
F. Your mother's—dead, my child.
C. And what is dead?
If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping,
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, neither, rise,
Her hand is very cold?

F. Her heart is cold,
Her limbs are bloodless, would that mine were so!
C. If she would waken she would soon be warm,
Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I,
This winter morning, were not covered better,
I should be cold like her.

F. No—not like her:
The fire might warm you, or thick clothes, but her,
Nothing can warm again!

C. If I could wake her,
She would smile on me, as she always does,
And kiss me. Mother, you have slept too long.
Her face is pale—and it would frighten me,
But that I know she loves me.

F. Come my child.
Once when I sat upon her lap, I felt
A beating at her side, and then she said
It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,
Only mine was the quickest.—And I feel
My own heart yet—but her's I cannot feel—
F. Child! child—you drive me mad—Come hence
I say.

C. Nay, father, be not angry! let me stay
Here till my mother wakes.

F. I have told you,
Your mother cannot wake—not in this world—
But in another she will wake for us,
When we have slept like her, then shall we see her.

C. Would it were not so!
F. No unhappy child!
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep;
That last long sleep—Thy father soon shall sleep it;
Then thou wilt be deserted upon earth;
None will regard thee; thou wilt soon forget
That thou hast natural ties—an orphan lone,
Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,
And women still more wicked.

C. Father! Father!
Why do you look so terribly upon me,
You will not hurt me?

F. Hurt thee, darling! no!
Has sorrow's violence so much anger,
That it fright my boy? Come, dearest, come.

C. You are not angry then?
F. Too well I love you.
C. All you have said I cannot now remember,
Nor what it meant—you terrified me so,
But this I know you told me—I must sleep
Before my mother wakes—so, to morrow—
O father! that to-morrow were but come!

London Literary Gazette.

MISCELLANIES.

From the Georgia Journal.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

At the last term of the Superior Court for Putnam County, (Georgia) Mary Holliday was indicted for the murder of her ill legitimate child. After a patient investigation, she was found guilty of only concealing the death of her child, and was sentenced to imprisonment. The following are the remarks delivered by Judge Longstreet, previous to pronouncing the sentence of the law. They are published at the request of the Grand Jury.

Mary Holliday, you have been convicted of concealing the death of an illegitimate child and I have summoned you before me to hear the sentence which the law pronounces upon your crime. Upon this occasion indulge me in a few remarks which are suggested by the peculiarities of your case, and which may be profitable to you and serviceable to those of your sex who may become acquainted with your history. It is not my wish to embitter your griefs or to insult your misfortunes. No one within the reach of my voice, feels more tender sympathies for you, than he whose painful duty it is to pronounce the punishment that awaits you. I have observed the timidity with which you met the rude gaze of the multitude when you were brought before me; I have seen your trembling hand—your agitated frame—and the fast rolling tears that trickled down your grief-worn cheek, during the progress of your trial. These have convinced me that guilt has not yet obliterated all the finer feelings of your nature. They are faithful witnesses that many of the virtues that grace and beautify the female character still linger with you, and have exacted for you the tribute of pity from every tender bosom.

You have experienced the folly of sin; you have seen how brittle is the cord that binds woman to society—how rapidly she is precipitated into ruin, when once she quits hold on virtue—how naturally crime treads in the footsteps of crime—and how swift the wing of punishment in pursuit of guilt. In an evil hour you surrendered your honor to some vile seducer.—Perhaps you were won by his soft blandishments, his warm persuasions, his fervent professions, and perhaps after having riled you of all that endeared you to the world, he now mingles with the throng that has gathered round you to witness your disgrace, and views your sorrows with cold and cruel indifference. That he has abandoned you to the consequences of your crime, is most true. The first effect of your fault then has been to feel the sting of his treachery and ingratitude. Your crime was of a character that defied concealment, and keep must have been your anguish, as you watched its slow but certain development.—The time at length arrived when your infamy must be disclosed to an illiberal world: yet still you fostered the delusive hope, that you might escape its reproaches. My own feelings will scarcely permit me to rehearse this part of your melancholy story, and yet they must give me but faint conceptions of what were yours at this momentous crisis. I saw you retreating from every human eye to the bosom of a solitary wood, there to endure the pangs which your errors brought upon you, with no hand to help you, but that of the God whom you had offended, and no voice to soothe you, but the whispers of the wind among the branches that covered you. I saw you rise from the ground, on which you had languished a mother: lift your lifeless babe from its leafy bed, and bear it with trembling limbs and bursting heart to the enclosed spot you selected for its interment. Here I behold you delving with feeble efforts and waining strength to hide your offspring from the fangs of dogs and the beaks of vultures. Oh, that the author of all your misery and woe, could have seen you at this trying moment! Oh, that he could have beheld this heart-rending conflict between a mother's fondness and maiden's shame! If within his bosom there slumbered one tender feeling, it would have wrung from his lips a prayer to Heaven for forgiveness, and have secured to you companion and friend through life. But the measure of your grief was not yet full. Scarcely had you dragged your weary limbs from the grave of your infant, when you were informed that all your attempts at concealment had proved ineffectual, and that you must appear at the bar of your country to answer to the charge of murder—the murderer of your own child. You were next thrown into a loathsome prison, where you have been forced into dreadful communion with yourself for several months. From thence you have been brought here, an object of pity to the kind, and of derision to the cruel.—You have passed the ordeal of a trial, and although you have been acquitted of murder, you have been found guilty of another offence.

Thus you have seen the fatal consequences of one false step. You have experienced too the illiberality of the world—that it looks with indulgence upon your partner, your equal, your superior in guilt, while it views with cold indifference all the wretchedness he has heaped upon you. From man then you have little to hope for in this life. The spot which you carry upon your fair fume, will ever be a mark for the arrows of his derision. But there is a being who metes out justice with more impartial hand; whose majesty and power, goodness and mercy, are equally unbounded. Against him too, you have offended, and he holds suspended over you a sentence far more dreadful than that which his humble creature is about to pronounce upon you. But he has appointed out to you an easy mode by which his wrath may be averted.—Let me recommend to you then to close with his terms, and you may yet

know peace, pure as that of innocence itself and lasting as eternity.

CAPT. RILEY'S WONDERS.

Our readers doubtless remember the narrative of the wonderful shipwreck and sufferings of Capt. James Riley, which was published a few years since, and had the reputation of being strongly tintured with the marvellous. The Captain has since removed to Ohio, and settled a town there; where, as will be seen by the following from an Ohio paper, he still meets with adventures no less remarkable than those before related.

Rattle Snakes.—As people at a distance may not be aware of the abundance of these reptiles, in some parts of Ohio, we can give them some idea by the following fact as related by Capt. Riley, whose book is familiar to the generality of readers. The Captain happening to fall in with the commissioners who were locating the Black Swamp Road, the subject of surveying, &c. was naturally introduced, when he related his experience. He said, when he had been surveying in the neighborhood of his new town, he was aware that the country abounded with rattle snakes, and he had the precaution to bandage his legs well with woolen leggings, after the Indian fashion. Sometimes in the extensive prairies through which he had to run straight lines, he was obliged to keep his eye on an object half a mile or so ahead—and he had always found himself tangled about the legs in the course of his progress, with brush or rubbish, as he at first supposed, but to his utter astonishment on coming out, he found from fifty to an hundred weight of *Rattle Snakes* hanging to each legging!

New Lisbon Gazette.

THE ALMANAC OF LIFE.

JANUARY.—(Infancy.)—This month, which commences our year, may justly be compared with the infant state of man, whose faculties are yet in embryo. Artificial warmth, invigorating food, and refreshing sleep, are all that he requires or finds solace in.

FEBRUARY—from 7 to 14.—The bud of intellect now expands to imbibe the general rays of instruction, which the all-cheering luminary of spring nourishes into blossoms, of early promise.

MARCH—14 to 21.—This month is generally ushered in with boisterous winds and nipping frosts. Vegetation often perishes through severe and untimely frosts; even thus do the rude passions of man's soul break forth with resistless force at this unsettled period of existence, often wrecking the fragile bark of youth.

APRIL—21 to 28.—Sunshine and showers now prevail alternately; the fruits of a good education appear emerging from the beauteous blossoms; but as yet they are crude and imperfect.

MAY—28 to 35.—The face of nature now wears a fresher bloom; the gardens are luxuriously filled with flowers, the trees are covered with foliage, and the swelling corn begins to fill the ear. So is the body of man ripened to perfection, the morals are formed, and the strongest energies of the mind disclose themselves.

JUNE—35 to 42.—The summer is now before us, we begin to gather the fruits; and already some of the spring flowers fade and droop. Thus does man already prepare to gather the fruits of his good works, or begin to dread the punishment of his transgressions.

JULY—42 to 49.—The bright days of summer are now passing away with swiftness unnoticed. The tempting fruits have plucked from the trees. The hay has been got in, the corn is ripe for the sickle, and after crops of grass begin to shoot from the earth. It is now that man is drawing towards the harvest of his happiness.—Those who have too early wasted their talents, remain neglected as an useless incubardance upon the face of the earth, while those who have preserved their morals uncorrupted, and suffered their judgments to be matured by experience, and sought after as precious fruits, are justly appreciated for their superior excellence. At this period also, man beholds a new generation rising to perpetuate his virtues; his tender offspring calls for all his care and attention; he looks anxiously forward to the period of its growth and improvement, in the fond hope that it will not only gladden his own heart, but contribute to the general benefit of society.

AUGUST—49 to 56.—The yellow tints of autumn now begin to check our exultations, and remind us that earthly bliss is not permanent; and as the aspect of nature undergoes a gradual change, so does the face of man. His cheeks begin to furrow, his locks turn gray, and the bloom of health and vigor leaves his cheeks.—Pleasure fatigues his relaxed frame, and exertion weakens his intellectual powers which have now passed the period of improvement.

SEPTEMBER—56 to 63.—This is the period of rest and recreation, when the season of labor is over. The harvest is got in, and the days are considerably shortened. Man has gathered his harvest of knowledge, his toil is at an end, and too often he proudly exults in his vast acquisition, without reflecting how soon he may be called upon to render up a just account, and see his boasted stores transferred to others.

OCTOBER—63 to 70.—The fields now appear dreary—the hedges bare; no melody fills the grove, but howling winds sweep the earth, and scatter the straggling leaves in every direction. Thus also is man by this time stripped of many of his external graces. The storms scatter his dearest connections; friend after friend drops off, and he remains alone.

NOVEMBER—70 to 77.—Every vestige of cultivation is buried beneath the deep incrusted snow, the meandering streams are bound in icy fetters, and heavy fog obscures the face of Heaven. Thus are the faculties of man clouded at this advanced period. The hoary frost of age settles on his head—the warm current of life freezes in his veins.

DECEMBER—77 to 84.—Behold now the life of man, with the season, drawing to its close. No material change has taken place in the aspect of things, yet this dreadful epoch is more tolerable than the preceding, for the pains and privations of mortality seem near their termination. A fresh spring will appear and vegetation flourish anew; and why should not the just man rejoice that his earthly course is also run, and that he is about to rest from all his labors?

The following circumstance recently occurred in a church in the city of New-York.

The Rev. Pastor had mentioned from his pulpit, on the preceding Sunday, that a repeatable shoemaker of the congregation, had requested him to preach a sermon from the 11th verse of the 12th chapter of Exodus, and that he intended to comply with this pious request on the next Sunday. This sermon was preached accordingly, on Sunday the 5th instant, in the presence of the son of St. Crispin, who had come to church prepared, it seems, to make good the promise on his part.—When the collection plate was handed round, he drew from his pocket a pair of new shoes, suited to the parson's measure, and deposited them in the plate. This well made donation was not unobserved by the worthy divine, who, as he passed the clerk's desk, while the congregation was retiring, very dexterously transferred the shoe from the plate to his pocket, and thus demonstrated to his flock, that he was devoted to the care of souls to the very last; and though a good friend to faith, yet that good work was always acceptable.

PROBATE NOTICE.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four:

THOMAS CHASE, Jr. administrator on the estate of SAMUEL LIVERMORE, late of Livermore, aforesaid, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the OXFORD OBSERVER, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.
*3v 27

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Bethel.
THE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the hands of assessors of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz :

Owner.	Lot.	Range.	Sec.	Price.	TAXES.	
					State.	County.
Unknown,	16	1	100	49	\$ 5	\$ 5 c \$ 5 c
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10 23 22
Unknown,	18	1	100	40	7	10 23 22
Unknown,	19	1	100	50	9	13 28 27
Samuel Page,	25	1	100	100	18	26 57 64
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15 34 33
Unknown,	33	1	100	50	9	13 28 27
Unknown,	2	2	100	50	9	13 28 27
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13 28 27
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13 28 27
Roger Morill,	11	2	100	40	7	10 23 22
Roger Morill,	12	2	100	40	7	10 23 22
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13 28 27
Unknown,	19	2	100	40</		